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PLAUTUS, TITUS M.

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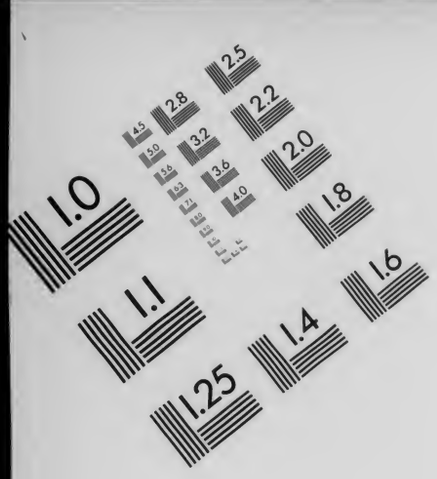

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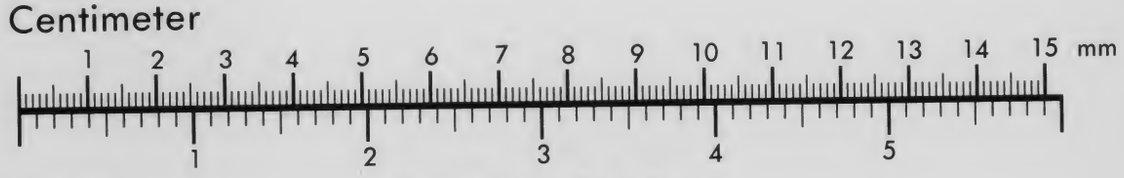


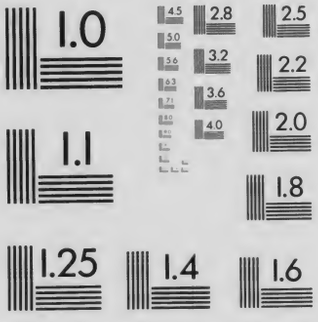
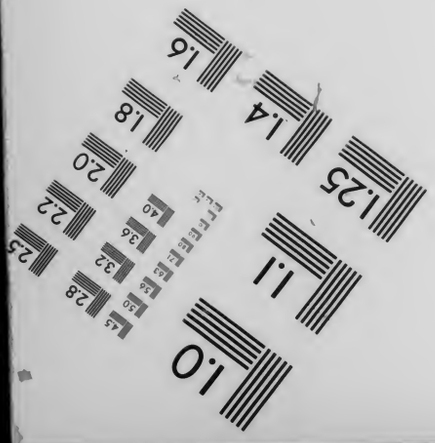
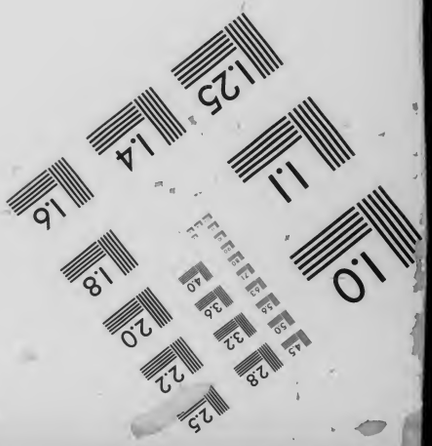

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VOL. I DECEMBER, 1917 No. 6

# THE STRATFORD JOURNAL

## A Forum of Contemporary International Thought

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY

THE STRATFORD CO., Publishers

32 OLIVER STREET, BOSTON

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## *ANNOUNCEMENT*

# The Stratford Journal
## for 1918

EDITORS: { Isaac Goldberg
Henry T. Schnittkind

A Year's Successful Existence for the Stratford Journal has disproven the wails of a few friends and many literary pessimists who have maintained that this country cannot and will not support a magazine whose aims are purely literary and artistic. During the first year, we have accomplished in the Stratford Journal several things which encourage us to hope for still greater things in the future. Among other achievements, the Stratford Journal has contained translations of several short story masterpieces every one of which has been especially starred by such critics as Edward J. O'Brien. In our other departments, as well as in our short story department, we have endeavored to maintain 100% of distinction.

Now, therefore, that the Stratford Journal is an actual achievement, we have decided to widen its sphere by making it a monthly publication instead of a bi-monthly. Beginning with the January number the Stratford Journal will be issued every month, the subscription price still remaining the same at $3.00 per year.

During the coming year our policy will remain in many essentials the same as heretofore, except that we will gradually introduce more and more original work, still continuing to devote many pages in each issue to translations from the best work of foreign contemporary authors. There will be in our editorial personnel some changes that will make for better standards. An important addition to our editorial staff during the coming year is Isaac Goldberg, Ph. D., who has achieved a reputation for original and penetrating critical articles published in the Boston Transcript and elsewhere, and for his unusually masterful translations from many foreign languages.

We will publish from time to time the news of the most significant literary activities in the colleges of this country, as well as in other educational and artistic circles.

We wish to thank most heartily those who have cooperated with us, thus enabling us to launch and to perpetuate, as we hope, a journal whose aim it is to raise the literary standard of American journalism.

# The Mostellaria of Plautus
## (The Haunted House)

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN BY HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND

### CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| TRANIO | A Slave |
| GRUMIO | A Slave |
| PHILOLACHES | A Young Man |
| PHILEMATIUM | A Courtesan |
| SCAPHA | A Maid |
| CALLIDAMATES | A Young Man |
| DELPHIUM | A Courtesan |
| THEOPROPIDES | An Old Man |
| MISARGYRIDES (SILVERSPURN) | A Banker |
| SIMO | An Old Man |
| PHANISCUS | A Slave |
| PINACIUM | A Slave |

*The scene is laid at Athens.*

### ACT I.

*Grumio.* Come out of here, you knave, march out, I say,
And quit your quibbling chaff amidst the platters;
You'll surely be the ruin of us all;
Yet I'll get even with you upon the farm.
Come out, you greasy, skulking scullion.

*Tranio.* Now, what the deuce do you mean by bawling so?
You think that you are in the country, do you?
Go home, go to the country, go be hanged!
There, that's what you were looking for, I guess.
[*Beats him.*

*Gr.* Oh, why do you beat me?

*Tr.* Because you are alive.

*Gr.* All right, just wait till the old master comes.
And sees how you've consumed him in his absence.
*Tr.* You scrub, you know this is a downright lie;
I can't consume a man when he's away.
*Gr.* Indeed, you dandy darling of the mob,
Do you reproach me for my rusticity?
I guess you like to speak of rural life
Because you know that soon you'll be condemned,
And chained to work as convict in the mill.
Then you'll be *bound* to join the country folk.
Meanwhile, go on, drink to your heart's content,
Waste master's wealth, carouse, corrupt his son,
And reek in revelry both day and night,
Feast full, and parasitic bellies gorge.
When master went abroad, he ordered you
To oversee his house and lands; yet you,
Instead of overseeing, overlook
The waste of wealth, and ruin of his son.
That gentle lad, so frugal formerly,
Who was the peer of all in temperance,
Is now the peer, as it appears, in vice,
Thanks to your evil precept and example.
*Tr.* Nor I, nor my misdeeds are your concern;
Go tend the herd, for that is your affair;
I love to love and feast, to drink and wench,
And this I do at my own risk, not yours.
*Gr.* How boldly insolent your talk is; pfui!
*Tr.* Confound you, pfui! Your breath is steeped in garlic,
You hybrid essence of a goat and pig-sty.
*Gr.* What would you have? It is not every man
That may anpoint himself with foreign perfumes,
Or at the feast, reclining with the guests,
Enjoy such sweet and dainty fare as you.
But I'm content to live on garlic salad.
You are most happy; I, unfortunate;
So be it. Soon our lots will be reversed,
And you, who happen to be happy now,





Will most unhappy be, and I mayhap
A lot more prosperous than yours will have.
*Tr.* You envy me because you fare so ill,
While I fare well; but it is fated thus.
We both are suited to our trade and fortune:
You, knave, to tend the herd in poverty,
And I to live and love in luxury.
*Gr.* But wait, I tell you, till the master comes.
Oh, then they'll nail you firmly to the gibbet
And perforate your hide so thoroughly
That you will seem to be a human sieve.
*Tr.* For aught you know, it may be you, not I,
Who will receive this royal punishment.
*Gr.* I'm not afraid, for I am free from fault,
But you have earned this flogging right along.
*Tr.* Come, spare yourself this waste of words, or else
I'll bless you with a good and noble thrashing.
*Gr.* Give me the pease to feed my master's cattle.
Go on, and waste this wealth to satisfy
Your base desires; carouse, and play the Greek,
And slaughter all the fatlings for the feasts.
*Tr.* Enough of this. I'll to the market now
And purchase fish for supper; and your pease
I'll send with some one to the farm to-morrow.
What now? Why do you scowl at me, you jail-bird?
*Gr.* 'Tis you, not I, who'll be a jail-bird soon.
*Tr.* As long as all is as it is at present,
Why, then, this future "soon" will soon be past.
*Gr.* But know this much, that whatsoe'er we loath
More swiftly comes than that for which we yearn.
*Tr.* Away with you, and pester me no more. [*Exit Tranio.*
*Gr.* He's gone now, and he doesn't care a fig
For what I've said. Ye gods, I beg of you,
Bring master back at once; for all his lands
Will be in ruins if he comes not soon.
Well, I'll be off; for there's my master's boy,
So admirable once, but now, so low. [*Exit Grumio.*

*Enter Philolaches.*

*Philol.* I've thought and thought,
And reasons sought,
And many arguments I've brought,
And I have fussed,
And oft discussed,
Until at length I've found, I trust,
A likeness true
For me and you;
A man is like a building new.
Now list to me,
And you'll agree
This is a splendid simile.
When a house is all finished and fixed spick and span,
We praise the good builder, and follow his plan,
And we spare neither toil nor expense;
But when some lazy fellow moves into this place,
He at once sets to work the fine house to deface,
And to rot it will surely commence.
And a storm swirls and blows and it shatters the tiles,
And the torrent of rain this firm building defiles,
Yet never a care has the owner.
Soon the house, though constructed so well, is all wrecked,
And again a new building he now must erect,
That lazy and shiftless postponer.

This, then, is the end of the simile, friends;
Now see how this likeness to men oft extends;—
When children are tender and small,
The parents, their builders, prepare them quite well;
No expense do they spare, that their sons may excel,
And serve as a model for all.
Soon the well-bred young man in the army enlists;
Some relation or friend goes along, who assists,
And takes care of the young protégé.
But after he's been in the service one year,
We can guess fairly well what will be his career,
(For most always the youth goes astray.)





I, too, must say,
Alack-a-day,
I've from the right path gone astray;
When father had
Once left his lad,
A storm of passion drove me mad,
And soon I'll be
Wrecked thoroughly,
Sans name, sans fame, sans honesty.
I deeply grieve
When I perceive
What honor once I did achieve;
I once could bear
All wear and tear,
But now I'm ruined, past repair.

*Enter Philematium and Scapha. They do not see Philolaches*

*Philem.* I've never yet been laved in such delight;
No water is more cool or crystal bright.
*Sc.* There's not a thing but proper harvest yields;
And as we sow, thus reap we in the fields.
*Philem.* What has my bath, or I, with this to do?
*Sc.* No more than this has with your bath or you.
*Philol.* [*aside*] O, lovely love, this is my whirling wind
That stripped me of my will and maimed my mind.
A flood of passions poured into my breast,
And now I have no shelter and no rest;
Within my heart a-rotting are the walls,
And all my shattered frame in ruin falls.
*Philem.* Does this become me? for I wish to please
My patron and my love, Philolaches.
*Sc.* 'Tis not the dress that lovers love the best,
But comely maids in comely manners dressed.
*Philol.* [*aside*] Upon my word, the jade is very witty;
Her lovers' saws and maxims are quite pretty.
*Philem.* I say, my Scapha.
*Sc.* Well?
*Philem.* Prithee, look here,
And tell me if this dress becomes me, dear.

*Sc.* Yourself, my charming mistress, are so fair,
That you look well in any dress you wear.
*Philol.* [*aside*] This praise shall never unrewarded be;
For, praise my love, and you must needs praise me.
*Philem.* This is mere flattery.
*Sc.* It is, in sooth,
If flattery be to speak the very truth.
Would you be called unlovely, falsely blamed,
Rather than fair, yet truthfully so named?
As for myself, I'd rather hear a lie
Which names me fair, than on the truth rely.
*Philem.* Nay, speak the truth, for falsehood I despise.
*Sc.* May so Philolaches his mistress prize
As you are passing fair.
*Philol.* [*aside*] What's that you say?
"May I prize her?" Why don't you add to't, pray,
"May she prize me?" The promise I will break
That for your wit I recently did make.
*Sc.* In sooth, I marvel much how you can be
So worldly-wise, yet err so foolishly.
*Philem.* Advise me, pray, wherein I err.
*Sc.* You yearn
For one man's love, all other men you spurn.
A wife should suit her humor to one man;
To serve all it behooves a courtesan.
*Philol.* [*aside*] What plague is this that in my house resides,
Who mocks my mistress and her love misguides?
May all the gods bring curses on my head
If I don't freeze this hag and starve her dead.
*Philem.* Enough, no more: from such advice I shrink.
*Sc.* 'Tis folly, dearest mistress mine, to think
His heart with love for you will always glow.
Gray hairs bring cares, but love away will go.
*Philem.* I hope 'twill not be thus.
*Sc.* Such is our fate
We get not what we love, but what we hate.
In short, if words persuade you not, then see
What I have been, and what I now must be.





I once was fair and blithe and gay as you,
And he who loved me vowed he would be true;
But when my aging locks were tinged with gray,
My love of old grew cold and went away.
*Philol.* [*aside*] I scarce withold my fingers from her eyes,
Who tempts the love that I so highly prize.
*Philem.* Myself alone to him alone I'll loan,
For he alone freed me, and I'm his own.
*Philol.* [*aside*] Ye gods, how chaste she is, how debonair!
'Tis joy for her sake poverty to bear.
*Sc.* Attempt not foolishly his love to gain;
It is enough your freedom to obtain;
And if he love you not, he will have lost
Whatever sum your liberty has cost.
*Philol.* [*aside*] For trying to seduce my love from me
I'll rack and torture you most horribly.
*Philem.* Nay, urge me not my master to betray;
His kindly deeds I never can repay.
*Sc.* This much remember; her who loves but one
In youth, no lovers love when youth is gone.
*Philol.* [*aside*] Could I but be transformed into a plague,
I'd seize her throat and strangle this old hag.
*Philem.* Ere I was free, my love I did caress;
Tho' mistress now, I love him none the less.
*Philol.* [*aside*] For this fine speech I'll free you o'er again,
And kill this jade to check her tongue profane.
*Sc.* If you feel sure that you can live in peace,
And that his love for you will never cease,
Then suit your whims to his throughout your life,
Not as his mistress, but his wedded wife.
*Philem.* We credit each according to his fame;
My wealth lies in my fair, unsullied name.
*Philol.* [*aside*] I'd sell my father into slavish woe
Ere ever I'd let you a-begging go.
*Sc.* And all your other lovers—
*Philem.* Will love me more
On seeing how my patron I adore.

*Philol.* [*aside*] If some one brought me now the welcome news
Of father's death, to make you heir I'd choose.
*Sc.* This property will be consumed ere long,
For day and night your glutting you prolong.
*Philol.* [*aside*] I'll waste no more on you, I'll be discreet
And full ten days you'll neither drink nor eat.
*Philem.* If you can say aught good of him, speak on,
Or else I'll thrash you thoroughly anon.
*Philol.* [*aside*] No money sacrificed to Jove supreme
Is so well spent as that which did redeem
Her who defends me with her might and main.
I freed a slave, and did a patron gain.
*Sc.* Since you adore him far above the rest,
I now agree — for floggings I detest —
If you are certain, I am certain, too,
That he will be a constant friend to you.
*Philem.* Give me the mirror and the jewel-box,
For I would neat appear, and all adorned
When my delight Philolaches arrives.
*Sc.* She who her looks mistrusts requires a glass,
But you yourself a shining mirror are
That aye reflects all grace and loveliness.
*Philol.* [*aside*] This pretty speech has not been made in vain,
And I'll reward for't — Philematium.
*Philem.* Is each lock smoothed and settled in its place?
*Sc.* When you are fair, your locks must needs be fair.
*Philol.* [*aside*] How inconsistently the hussy talks!
She flatters, who a while ago dissented.
*Philem.* Give me the ceruse to paint my cheeks withal.
*Sc.* You might as well paint ivory white with ink.
*Philol.* [*aside*] Bravo! The simile is very apt.
*Philem.* Give me the rouge, then.
*Sc.* I shall not, my lady.
Do you intend to spoil a noble work
By daubing it anew with clumsy patches?
A pretty maiden needs but nature's tints.
*Philem.* Hold me the glass.





*Philol.* [*aside*] Ah me, she kisses it!
Had I a stone, I'd break this mirror's head.
*Sc.* Here is a cloth to wipe your hands.
*Philem.* Wherefore?
*Sc.* The silver of the mirror on your hands
May tell Philolaches of silver bribes.
*Philol.* [*aside*] Methinks a shrewder wench I never saw;
How wittily she jests about the glass!
*Philem.* Shall I perfume myself with unguents now?
*Sc.* A lady's sweetest smell's no smell at all.
Old, toothless crones alone annoint themselves
The reeking savor of their sweat to hide;
But when the perfume's mingled with their sweat,
Their odor, like conglomerated hash,
Can never be described, but can be smelt.
*Philol.* [*aside*] How clever she who speaks in such a wise!
All you who have old, dowried wives at home
Know Scapha's meaning well.
*Philem.* Come, tell me, pray,
How does my robe and jewelry become me?
*Sc.* Why, this concerns not me.
*Philem.* Whom does't concern?
*Sc.* Philolaches, your suitor, this must suit,
That he may buy you only what is fit.
Whoever buys his mistress' moods with trinkets
Wants neither robes nor pearls, but her alone.
A purple robe conceals a withered form,
And jewels gleam when eyes have lost their lustre;
A lovely maid, tho' nude, is fairer far
Than one bedecked with robes of royalty.
Tho' well adorned, she is adorned but ill
Who graceless is; — the finest ornaments
Are foul when sullied with uncharming manners,
For beauty's self is beauty's ornament.
*Philol.* [*aside*] 'Tis time to speak to her. [*To Philem.*] What do you here?
*Philem.* I do array my charms to please my love.
*Philol.* Your charms already are adorned enough. [*To Sc.*]

Take you this finery within [*Exit Sc.*] And now,
My darling, I desire to feast with you.
*Philem.* And I with you; your pleasure, love, is mine.
*Philol.* By Jove, these words were cheap at twenty thousand.
*Philem.* Nay, have them at a bargain; give me ten.
*Philol.* I'll pay it now, or balance the account.
Twenty have I already spent to free you.
*Philem.* Don't cast it in my teeth.
*Philol.* Why, no, my dear,
This is the best investment I have made.
*Philem.* I, too, in lavishing my love on you
The best investment possible have made.
*Philol.* Our two accounts, then, balance one another.
We both have bargained well, for both gained love.
May they who wish us well themselves fare well,
And they who envy us ne'er envied be.
*Philem.* Come, then, and let us on the couch recline.
Bring water, boy, a table, and the dice.
Will you have perfume, love?
*Philol.* Why, so I do,
I have most fragrant myrrh-oil at my side.
But see our fellow-feasters coming here
To join us and partake of our good cheer.

*Enter Callidamates and Delphium.*

*Duet—Callidamates and Delphium*

*Cal.* 'Tis meet that I meet
My friend for the treat
And the banquet and revels and joys;
So away then I slipped,
From the others I skipped,
For their gossip most always annoys.
But pray, now, look here,
And answer me, dear
Do I seem to be du-du-du-drunk?
*Del.* You look just as good
As ever you should;
You seem to be all full of spunk.
*Cal.* Do you want me to squeeze you?





*Del.* Why sure, if it please you.
*Cal.* Oh, thank you; now, pray, lead the way.
*Del.* Don't fall now, my lovey.
*Cal.* My sweet do-do-dovey,
You will keep me from going astray.
But please let me fall
*Del.* I don't mind at all.
*Cal.* [*Grasping her*] But whatever I hold must fall, too.
*Del.* My darling, my own,
'Twon't befall you alone,
For if you fall, then I'll follow you.
*Cal.* And some passer-by
*Del.* Will come, as we lie,
*Both* And lift us, my bubsy, my sweet.
*Cal.* But where do we go?
Oh, surely I know,
To my home for a right royal treat.
*Del.* But where do we go?
Oh, surely you know,
To your home for a right royal treat.
*Philol.* I wish to go and meet them, O my life,
(For he's my chiefest friend, and boon-companion),
And in a moment I'll return to you.
*Philem.* A moment spent without you is an age.
*Cal.* Who's there?
*Philol.* 'Tis I.
*Cal.* Hallo, Philolaches,
All hail to you, most noble friend of all!
*Philol.* God bless you, Callidamates; pray, sit down.
Whence come you?
*Cal.* Whence a hearty drunkard should.
*Philem.* Prithee, my Delphium, recline with me.
[*To boy*] Give her wherewith she may regale herself.
*Cal.* I shall to sleep.
*Philol.* 'Tis nothing new with him.
*Del.* What shall I do with him?
*Philem.* Why, let him be.

Haste boy, and pass the brimming goblet round,
And let the air with lusty cheer resound.

[*End of Act I.*]

## ACT II

*Tranio.* Oh, my master's son is all undone,
And a sorrow's come to me;
Now my courage is fled, my hope is sped,
For this is Jove's decree;
And no fairy nor elf now, nor Safety herself now
Can free us from misery.

Just a moment ago a world of woe
Into this port did sail;
From abroad to his home my master is come,
And nothing can avail:
When I saw my old master, I saw my disaster
And my fate I now bewail.

Is there anyone here who has no fear
To get a flogging for pay?
Let him take my place, for it's no disgrace,
Come on, and don't delay;
Come, be tied with a tether and lashed with the leather,
And myself, — I'll run away.

Those who would fain on the scaffold be slain
For a very little sum,
Or who have no fear to be pierced with a spear,
Come, bear my martyrdom;
And if master will slay you, then surely I'll pay you
If in person you will come.
Now I am miserably speeding home
To tell them that my master is arrived.





*Philol.* See, Tranio is back with the provisions.
*Tr.* Philolaches, —
*Philol.* What now?
*Tr.* We are about —
*Philol.* Well, what about us?
*Tr.* We are both undone.
*Philol.* How so?
*Tr.* Your father is arrived.
*Philol.* What's that?
*Tr.* We're lost, I say; your father has returned.
*Philol.* Where is he, pray?
*Tr.* He will be here at once.
*Philol.* Who told you this? Who saw him?
*Tr.* I, myself.
*Philol.* Ah, me! what can I do?
*Tr.* What can you do?
You know yourself that you can drink right nobly.
*Philol.* You saw my father?
*Tr.* Yes.
*Philol.* You did?
*Tr.* Indeed.
*Philol.* If this be true, my hopes lie low indeed.
*Tr.* 'Tis true; for what have I to gain by lying?
*Philol.* What shall I do now?
*Tr.* Order everything
To be removed; but who is sleeping here?
*Philol.* 'Tis Callidamates.
*Tr.* Rouse him, Delphium.
*Del.* Wake up, wake up, I tell you, Callidamates.
*Cal.* I am awake; give me a jug of wine.
*Del.* Awake. Philolaches' father is arrived.
*Cal.* I hope he's well.
*Philol.* Aye, he is very well;
But it will certainly be ill with all.
*Cal.* Withal? What have you to be ill withal?
*Philol.* Wake up, I beg of you; my father is come.
*Cal.* Your father has no right to come so soon.
Go tell him to go back.

*Philol.* What shall I do?
My father will arrive and find us tipsy,
And the house full of revellers and wenches.
Just as the wretch, his burning thirst to quell,
(But not before) begins to dig a well,
So I, now father's at the very door,
Too late, in trembling fear, for aid implore.
*Tr.* He's dropped to sleep again. Awake, I say.
*Philol.* Wake up, my father will arrive here soon.
*Cal.* Give me my slippers, and I'll take my arms
And slay him.
*Del.* Hold your tongue.
*Philol.* Pray, take him in.
*Cal.* Give me a chamber-pot at once, or else
I'll make a chamber-pot of you.
*Philol.* I'm lost!
*Tr.* Be of good cheer; I'll find a remedy.
*Philol.* I'm ruined!
*Tr.* Nay, I'll get you out of this.
I'll so contrive this matter that your father
Will flee from here in dread; and in the meantime
Betake yourselves and take all things within.
*Philol.* Where shall I be?
*Tr.* Where you most wish to be,
A-drinking and carousing with your mistress.
*Del.* Shall we depart then hence?
*Tr.* No, not an inch.
Let naught deter you from your revelry.
*Philol.* I sweat with fear lest all will not be well.
*Tr.* Prithee, fear not, but do whate'er I say.
I want the women first to go within.
*Del.* We shall obey.
*Tr.* God grant it! Now, attend;
First have the doors all locked; and take great care
That not a syllable is whispered there
*Philol.* It shall be done.
*Tr.* As though none dwells within.
*Philol.* All right.





*Tr.* Nor answer when your father knocks.
*Philol.* What else?
*Tr.* And bring the latch-key from within,
For from without I wish to lock the house.
*Philol.* Myself, my hopes I now commit to you.
Do whatsoever you will with us. [*Exeunt all but Tranio.*
*Tr.* Nor hope nor cunning cleverness avails
Where fear is peer and cowardice prevails;
For any man with tactless craft can act,
But craft is weak if unallied with tact;
And he who is both wise and confident
Does naught of which he ever may repent.
So, too, will I with clever courage strive,
And fearless feats I'll handily contrive,
That all this turbulent and whirling storm
May soon be settled, calm, and uniform.
[*Enter boy*] How now, boy? very well, you bring the key.
*Boy* Philolaches most earnestly beseeches
That you will scare his father off from here.
*Tr.* Nay, tell him that I so will manage it,
That covering his head he'll flee in terror.
Give me the key, and I will lock the door
From the outside. Now let the old man come,
And I will treat him to a pomp and show
The like of which he'll never see in death.
I shall aside, and from this place I'll watch
Whence I may load my master with deceit.
*Enter Theopropides*
*Th.* Neptune, I do thank thee,
For I almost drank thee,
But I have 'scaped thy rage, tho' scarce alive.
If again you catch me
Here, you may despatch me,
And dash me, crush me, let me not survive.

I shall never, never
Foolishly endeavor
Once more to trust the murky, mighty main.

I am done with thee now,
I shall shun the sea now,
And on the land a-lolling I'll remain.
*Tr.* [*Aside*] Neptune, you're a sinner
And a first beginner
You should have drowned him when you had the chance.
*Th.* Won't they be delighted
When we are united
And when they hear of my deliverance?
*Tr.* [*aside*] 'Twould have pleased us better
To receive a letter
And hear news that you were drowned at sea.
*Th.* Neptune, I do thank thee,
For I almost drank thee.
But thou hast saved me by thy clemency.
*Tr.* Neptune, I can't thank you,
For he almost drank you.
But you have saved him to our misery.
*Th.* But what means this? The door is locked by day.
Ho, there within! Will some one open the door?
*Tr.* What man is this who tries to enter here?
*Th.* Surely, this is my servant Tranio.
*Tr.* O, dear my master, I am most rejoiced
To see you. Prithee, tell me, are you well?
*Th.* I am and have been well.
*Tr.* 'Tis very well
*Th.* Now, tell me, Tranio, are you insane?
*Tr.* How so?
*Tr.* You promenade about the streets,
And here's no mortal man to answer me,
Although I almost smashed the door by knocking.
*Tr.* You touched the door?
*Th.* Most certainly I did.
I knocked until I all but shattered it.
*Tr.* You touched it?
*Th.* Yes, I touched and knocked and kicked it.
*Tr.* Ah me!
*Th.* How now?





*Tr.* Oh, most unlucky touch!
*Th.* What have I done?
*Tr.* I dare not mention it.
*Th.* Come, now.
*Tr.* Yes, come. Betake yourself to flight.
Fly here at once; at once fly here to me.
You touched it?
*Th.* Yes, I say, and beat upon it.
*Tr.* Oh, you have ruined —
*Th.* Whom?
*Tr.* Yourself and yours.
*Th.* May all the gods destroy you for this omen.
*Tr.* I fear me it is you they will destroy.
*Th.* Pray, what's amiss?
*Tr.* Send these attendants hence.
Touch not the door, but touch the earth in prayer.
*Th.* Wherefore?
*Tr.* Seven months ago we left the house,
And from that day to this none entered it.
*Th.* Prithee, why so?
*Tr.* See to't that none o'erhears us.
*Th.* All is quite safe.
*Tr.* Nay, look around again.
*Th.* No one is near; speak out, be not constrained.
*Tr.* A capital offence has been committed.
*Th.* I do not understand.
*Tr.* A cruel crime
Of ancient date has been committed here.
*Th.* Of ancient date?
*Tr.* We've just discovered it.
*Th.* What crime has been committed, and by whom?
*Tr.* A host his unsuspecting guest did slay; —
The same, methinks, who sold the house to you.
*Th.* He slew him?
*Tr.* Yes, and robbed him of his money,
And buried him right there upon the spot.
*Th.* Upon what grounds do you suspect the deed?
*Tr.* Listen, and I will tell. One day your son

Dined out; and after he returned at night
And went to sleep, I left the lamp a-light.
But suddenly he shouted loud—
*Th.* My son?
*Tr.* Hist, do not speak. He said that in his sleep
The ghost accosted him.
*Th.* What, in his sleep?
*Tr.* Indeed! But hear; he told him how he died.
*Th.* What, in his sleep?
*Tr.* How could he speak to him
Awake, when he is dead these sixty years?
If I err not, you sometimes err, my master.
But hear the rest. The murdered man spoke thus:
"A murdered guest am I from foreign shores.
Diapontius is my name, and this, my home,
For I may not abide in Acheron,
Who have been slain before my destined day.
My host, avowing friendship, murdered me
And hid me here, unburied and unwept,
Depart then, mortals, from these curséd walls."
'Twould take me years to number all the ills
And prodigies that in this house appear.
*Th.* Hist, Hist!
*Tr.* What's this?
*Th.* There is a noise within.
*Tr.* He knocked, not I.
*Th.* My blood's congealed with dread
Lest they will drag me off to Acheron.
*Tr.* [*Aside*] I fear me much that they will mar my plans.
*Th.* What say you to yourself?
*Tr.* Good master, fly.
*Th.* Whither? And why do you not fly as well?
*Tr.* I fear not, for I am at peace with the dead.
[*From within*] Ho, Tranio!
*Tr.* Be wise and call not *me*.
I've done no wrong nor beat upon the door.
*Th.* What man are you addressing?
*Tr.* Did you speak?





Methought I heard the murdered man complain
That you had knocked. Pray, do obey me, master.
*Th.* What shall I do?
*Tr.* Look not upon the house,
But veil your head and fly.
*Th.* Then you fly, too.
*Tr.* I need not, for I am at peace with the dead.
*Th.* Why then these quaking limbs and trembling tongue?
*Tr.* Fear not for me, for I am at peace with the dead.
But fly, my master, fly, my lord, haste, fly,
And Hercules invoke.
*Th.* O, Hercules.
I beg of you —
*Tr.* [*Aside*] I, too, that on this day
You'll heap a world of woe upon his head.
Ye gods immortal, I invoke your aid; —
The firm foundations of my plot I've laid.

[*End of Act II.*]

## ACT III.

*Misargyrides:* I've never had a duller year than this; —
No interest in it for usurers.
From morn till night I spend upon the forum
Yet not a single customer find I.
*Enter Tranio.*
*Tr.* [*Aside*] Now I am lost for ever and a day,
For here's the usurer who lent the money
Wherewith Philolaches his mistress bought.
If I do not anticipate my master,
He soon will learn how much we owe to him.
But why returns he here so speedily?
I fear me much he has discovered all.
I'll to him like a hero! How I tremble.
A guilty conscience, more than all things else,

Is pregnant aye with horrid apprehension.
But I must summon all my cunning now
And twist this tangled labyrinth the more.
*Enter Theopropides.*
Whence come you, master?
*Th.* I have met the man
From whom I bought the house.
*Tr.* And have you told him
What I told you?
*Th.* Yes, every word.
*Tr.* [*Aside*] Alas,
My tricks are tricked, my trumpery is undone.
*Th.* What's this you're saying to yourself?
*Tr.* Why, nothing.
But tell me, did you tell him all?
*Th.* Yes, all.
*Tr.* Did he confess?
*Th.* Most stoutly he denied it.
What say you to it?
*Tr.* I? What should I say?
Appoint an arbiter between us two,
(One who will be persuaded by my tale)
And you will see the truth as plain as day.
*Mis.* Why, here is Tranio, my debtor's slave,
Who pays no interest on principle.
Where are you bound for, Tranio?
*Tr.* Why, nowhere.
[*Aside*] Ah, hapless me! The gods despise me all.
He will demand his debt in master's presence.
On this side and on that I am beset
With overwhelming mighty miseries.
I'll speak to him.
*Mis.* He's coming toward me.
O, smiling hope! Perchance he means to pay.
*Tr.* [*Aside*] He smiles. Vain hope! Perchance he thinks I'll pay.
[*To Mis.*] All hail to you, my noble Silverspurn!
*Mis.* All hail to you; and will you pay?





*Tr.* Go to,
You open fire directly you arrive.
*Mis.* This man is penniless.
*Tr.* This man's a prophet.
*Mis.* Pray, stop your nonsense; tell me what you have.
*Tr.* Pray, give the essence of what you want to have.
*Mis* Where is Philolaches?
*Tr.* My worthy sir,
You've come most opportunely at this time.
*Mis.* How so?
*Tr.* Step here.
*Mis.* I want my interest.
*Tr.* Don't bawl. I know you have two lusty lungs.
*Mis.* By Jove, I will bawl.
*Tr.* Prithee, humor me.
*Mis.* Why should I humor you more than myself?
*Tr.* Go home, I beg you, and return at noon.
*Mis.* And will you pay my interest?
*Tr.* I will.
*Mis.* 'Tis waste of time to hurry to and fro,
And therefore here will I remain till midday.
*Tr.* Pray go now; I will pay you; go now, pray.
*Mis.* Give me my interest! I'll have no trifling.
*Tr.* Fine, very fine! Be prudent though, and go.
*Mis.* I'll call his name.
*Tr.* You have a splendid voice.
Your shouting makes you happier, I trow.
*Mis.* Enough have I been fooled. I want my money.
If I displease you, pay me, and I'll go.
*Tr.* Then take your principal.
*Mis.* My interest!
I want my interest!
*Tr.* Most shameless knave,
Do you want to burst your lungs? Tend to your business.
He'll pay you naught, nor owes you aught.
*Mis.* Owes naught?
*Tr.* No, not a particle will you take hence.

Why stand you here and shout? Do you expect
That he'll be banished for your interest?
Come, take the principal.
*Mis.* 'Tis not for that,
But for my interest that here I've come.
*Tr.* Go to; you're not the only usurer
Who has both principles and interests.
*Mis.* My interest! Pay me my interest!
My interest I want! Pay me at once!
Give me my interest! My interest!
*Tr.* Bawl on; your interest here, your interest there;
Your only interest is interest.
I never saw, methinks, a viler beast.
*Mis.* You will not frighten me away with this.
*Th.* These words, tho' distant, scorch me with their heat.
What interest is this that he demands?
*Tr.* Here is his father, who has just returned;
He'll pay you interest and principal,
That you may cause no further trouble here.
*Mis.* As soon as I am paid, I will depart.
*Th.* What say you, sir?
*Tr.* What would you, sir?
*Th.* Who's this?
What does he want? And wherefore is he bawling?
What sum or sums are due him from my son?
*Tr.* Pray, have the principal and interest
Cast in the scoundrel's face.
*Th.* Wherefore?
*Tr.* Prithee,
Order some one to lash his face with money.
*Mis.* I'd gladly bear the whip and scourge of gold!
*Th.* What gold is this?
*Tr.* Your son Philolaches
Owes him a trifle.
*Th.* How much does he owe?
*Tr.* Some forty minae. 'Tis not much.
*Mis.* 'Tis little.
*Tr.* How like a roguish usurer he is!





*Th.* I care not who or what or whence he is;
But this I now would know, how great a sum
Is due him.
*Tr.* Only four and forty minae.
Tell him you'll pay it, that he may be off.
*Th.* I, tell him this?
*Tr.* Aye, tell him this.
*Th.* I?
*Tr.* Aye.
Pray promise him, do, pray, I beg of you.
*Th.* What has he done with it?
*Tr.* The money's safe.
*Th.* Pay it yourself if it is safe.
*Tr.* Your son,
Has bought a house.
*Th.* A house?
*Tr.* Why, yes.
*Th.* Bravo! My level-headed, business-loving son
Is fa(r)thering himself in real estate.
A house, you say?
*Tr.* A house. And what a house!
*Th.* How's that?
*Tr.* O, dear!
*Th.* What of the house?
*Tr.* Don't ask me.
*Th.* But tell me.
*Tr.* Why, the house is mirror-bright
And brilliancy itself.
*Th.* Good, very good.
What did he pay for it?
*Tr.* As many thousands
As you and I possess; but as a pledge
He gave him forty minae which he borrowed;
For when he learned this was a haunted house
He bought another residence at once.
*Th.* Well done.
*Mis.* The hour of noon is now at hand.

*Tr.* Dismiss him; else he'll worry us to death.
In all we owe him four and forty minae.
*Mis.* 'Tis all I ask.
I'd like to see you ask
*Tr.* Another cent.
*Th.* Apply to me to-morrow,
And I will pay you.
*Mis.* I am quite content. [*Exit Misargyrides*
*Tr.* [*Aside*] May all the gods confound this usurer
Who very almost ruined me to-day.
No race alive is more unprincipled
Or more dishonest than the usurers.
*Th.* Where is the building that my son has bought?
*Th.* [*Aside*] I'm lost again.
*Th.* Come, tell me what I ask.
*Tr.* I will; I'm trying hard to recollect
The owner's name.
*Th.* Well, then, recall it quickly.
*Tr.* [*Aside*] By Jove, I'll tell him that his son has bought
Our neighbor's house. A lie served hot is best.
Whate'er the gods dictate I must obey.
*Th.* Do you remember it?
*Tr.* Confound this name
[*Aside,*] (Rather this man.) It is the house next door.
*Th.* Aye, honestly?
*Tr.* Yes, if you pay for it;
If not, he did not buy it honestly.
*Th.* The situation is not first rate.
*Tr.* Why, yes,
It is most excellent.
*Th.* I would inspect
The house. Call some one out to show us round.
*Tr.* [*Aside*] I'm lost again, and know not what to say.
Upon the self-same shoals my ship is shattered.
*Th.* What now?
*Tr.* [*Aside*] By Jove, I'm quite resourceless now,
For I am caught in the act.





*Th.* Call some one out
To show us round.
*Tr.* But there are ladies here.
First we must ask them their permission.
*Th.* You speak most truly. Question them within
And meanwhile I shall wait for you outside.
*Tr.* [*Aside*] May all the gods destroy you utterly,
In such a wise are you opposing me.
But see, here comes the owner of the house
Just in the nick of time. I'll step aside;
And now my counsel's council in my heart
I'll gather, all my master's plans to thwart.

*Enter Simo*

*Si.* Good dinners I've eaten galore
Before,
And good drinks I have drunk by the score
And more;
But to-day's meal so rare
Beats them all, I declare;
Such a dinner I surely adore,
Tra-la-lore,
Such a dinner I surely adore.

Why my wife filled me full of good cheer
Is clear;
For to-night she wants to be near
Her dear.
For after I'm fed
She sends me to bed;
But secretly I'll disappear
From here,
Oh, secretly I'll disappear.

Right after a meal I detest
A rest;
And so I will play her this jest
In protest.
And oh, won't she fume,
And oh, won't she spume,
When she sees that I did disappear

From here,
When she sees that I did disappear.

*Tr.* [*Aside*] But to-night you will sup
On a right bitter cup,
And you'll creep
To sleep
All whipped
In a heap.

*Si.* Whoever has a dowried wife
Must never take a nap;
For then he leads a tranquil life,
And meets with no mishap.
I too must do
What I tell you,
And steal away from home;
I'll be banged, I'll be battered,
And shaken and shattered
When home again I'll come.

*Tr.* [*Aside*] If your prank turns out sadly
And your wife beats you badly,
You must claim
All the blame
Yourself
To your shame.
But I must speak to him. I have it now!
My flashing wit will avert the lashing whip.
[*To Simo*] May God send many blessings on you, Simo.

*Si.* Hail, Tranio.

*Tr.* How fare you?

*Si.* Fairly well.
And what are you about?

*Tr.* I am about
To clasp a noble hand.

*Si.* 'Tis very kind
Of you to praise me thus.

*Tr.* 'Tis right.

*Si.* Indeed;
But I hold by the hand a knavish slave.





*Th.* Harkee, you whip-scourge, back to me, I say.

*Tr.* I'll be there in a moment.

*Si.* Well, how long —

*Tr.* What's that?

*Si.* Will you continue your carouse?

*Tr.* What do you mean?

*Si.* You know my meaning well.
Consider, pray, how short the life of man is.

*Tr.* I see you mean our feasts and revelry.

*Si.* You play a lively tune, and it is right;
You eat and drink in very merry style —

*Tr.* Aye, so it was; but there's an end to it.

*Si.* How so?

*Tr.* We're ruined, every one of us.

*Si.* Go to; you have enjoyed good fortune all.

*Tr.* 'Tis true that we have lived most heartily,
But now the favoring breeze has left our ship
Most shamefully.

*Si.* Why don't you beach your ship, then?

*Tr.* Ah me!

*Si.* Why, what's the matter?

*Tr.* I'm undone.

*Si.* How so?

*Tr.* A hostile ship has shattered ours.

*Si.* I hear most painful news. But what's amiss?

*Tr.* My master has returned.

*Si.* The rope is stretched,
The galling fetters clink, anon, the cross.

*Tr.* I do implore you, Simo, bear not witness
Against your friend.

*Si.* Fear not, I'll tell him nothing.

*Tr.* Blessings on you, my patron.

*Si.* I don't want
Clients like you.

*Tr.* And now I'll speak to you
About the business on which master sent me.

*Si.* First, Tranio, give answer to my question:
Suspects he yet how you have ruined him?

*Tr.* Nothing does he suspect.
*Si.* Blames he his son?
*Tr.* He is as tranquil as the calmest weather.
But he entreated me to ask of you
That you permit him to inspect your house.
*Si.* 'Tis not for sale.
*Tr.* I know it; but my master
Desires to build some baths, a walk, a porch,
And separate apartment for the women.
*Si.* What is he dreaming of?
*Tr.* I'll tell you why;
He wants his son to marry as soon as may be,
And hence he would construct a women's suite.
Some architect or other praised your house,
And said it was quite awfully well constructed.
Hence he would model his house after yours;
For he has heard that yours is shaded well
In summer all day long from early morn.
*Si.* On the contrary, 'tis shady anywhere
But here. The sunlight stands from morn till night
Like a patient creditor. I have no shade
Save in the well. 'Tis truth I'm telling you.
*Tr.* But still he likes to see it.
*Si.* If he likes,
Why, then, he may; and he may use as model
Whate'er he likes.
*Tr.* Then shall I call him?
*Si.* Yes.

*Tr.* Alexander and Agathocles were worthy kings
And mighty were their deeds and great;
And therefore every country with their praises rings,
And all the men their deeds relate.
Now I'm the third great mortal who will win wide fame,
For I'll achieve a wondrous deed,
And every man and woman will applaud my name
If in my exploit I'll succeed.





Oh, see the two silly old men;
They carry the pack
Strapped onto their back;
Oh, see the two silly old men.

I've hit upon a trade in which I'll make good gain;
No mother's son will be my peer;
For I will use instead of mules this muly twain,
And I will be their muleteer.
And both with very heavy saddles I will load,
For they can bear a great big heap:
And won't I drive and goad them up and down the road,
Oh, I'll never let my mulees creep.

Oh, see the two silly old men;
They carry the pack
Strapped onto their back;
Oh, see the two silly old men.

[*Aside*] I will address him. [*To Theopropides*] Hail, Theopropides.
*Th.* Who's calling me?
*Tr.* A slave most tried and true.
*Th.* Whence come you?
*Tr.* All your orders I've obeyed.
*Th.* Why did you linger longer than you should?
*Tr.* Finding him busy, I did bide his leisure.
*Th.* You're still attached to your old tardy ways.
*Tr.* Prithee, reflect upon the ancient proverb:
"You can not blow both hot and cold together."
I could not be both here and there at once.
*Th.* What now?
*Tr.* You may inspect it at your will.
*Th.* Come, lead the way.
*Tr.* All right, I'll go.
*Th.* I'll follow.
*Tr.* The owner waits for you before the house.
How sadly he repents that he has sold it!

*Th.* Why so?
*Tr.* He begs you to persuade your son
To restore the house to him.
*Th.* Nay, he will not;
For charity begins at home. Had we been cheated,
Simo would never have permitted us
To sell it back. Whatever gain we make
'Tis just and equitable home to take.
Profit and pity cannot house together.
*Tr.* Delay no longer; follow me.
*Th.* I will.
I'm at your service.
*Tr.* Here's the man himself.
*Si.* I'm mightily rejoiced to see you safe.
*Th.* God bless you.
*Si.* I am told that you desire
To see my house.
*Th.* Yes, if it is your pleasure.
*Si.* Why, so it is; come in.
*Th.* Yes, but the ladies.
*Si.* My friend, you shouldn't care a straw for ladies.
Inspect the house as though it were your own.
*Th.* "*As though* it were?"
*Tr.* Don't cast it in his teeth,
For see how sad he is because he sold it.
*Th.* I see.
*Tr.* Then see you do not seem to gloat
Or revel in it overmuch. And pray,
Don't say to him that you have bought the house.
*Th.* I understand, and thank you; and I think
That you do show yourself humane in this.
Well, then?
*Si.* Step in and see it at your leisure.
*Th.* I thank you for your kindness.
*Si.* You are welcome.
Shall I procure some one to take you around?
*Th.* I hate the word "procure." I'd rather err
Myself, than have some one procured for me.





*Tr.* See what a spacious vestibule and walk!
*Th.* They're very handsome.
*Tr.* Now behold the pillars,
How firm and thick they are.
*Th.* I never saw
Such pretty pillars.
*Si.* I had bought them once
At a very pretty price.
*Tr.* You hear him, master?
He *had* bought them. He scarce can check his tears.
*Th.* What did you pay for them?
*Si.* Three minae, sir,
Besides the freight.
*Th.* They're ever so much poorer
Than I had thought at first.
*Tr.* Prithee, why so?
*Th.* Because the wood-worms split them at the bottom.
*Tr.* They must have hewn the pillars out of season;
But cover them with pitch, and they are sound.
No pottage-eating foreign bungler carved them.
Do you see the joints there in the door?
*Th.* I do.
*Tr.* Take note how sound asleep they are.
*Th.* Asleep?
*Tr.* I mean how dull and heavy they appear.
*Th.* The more I ponder on't the more I'm pleased.
*Tr.* Do you see the painting where a cunning crow
Is making sport of two old vultures?
*Th.* No.
*Tr.* 'Tis strange, for I can see them well. The crow
Between them stands and carps at each in turn.
Look toward me and you will see the crow.
Do you see it now?
*Th.* Why, no; I see no crow.
*Tr.* Then look in your direction, and you'll see
The vultures.
*Th.* In short, I see no painted bird.
*Tr.* I make allowances, for you are old.

*Th.* But what I can see pleases me immensely.
*Si.* 'Tis worth your while to inspect this building further
*Th.* Quite true.
*Si.* Boy, show the gentleman around.
I'd stay with you, but I must to the forum.
Go in.
*Th.* I'll go.
*Si.* Pray, go.
*Th.* Yes, yes, I'll go.
*Tr.* Beware, the dog!
*Th.* See if there's one within.
*Tr.* St! Off with you, you dog! The devil take you.
Go and be hanged! St, get away!
*Si.* Fear not,
She is as gentle as a pregnant woman.
Step boldly in, whilst I go to the forum.
*Th.* God speed you, Simo, for your kindliness.
Pray, Tranio, remove the dog.
*Tr.* But see
How calmly she reposes. Let's within.
*Th.* Then follow me.
*Tr.* Come whatsoever may,
I'll follow, and your hests will I obey.

[*End of Act III.*]

## ACT IV

*Phaniscus.* A slave who is faultless, yet punishment fears,
Is a servant most useful to have;
But he who is bad, yet at punishment sneers,
For a race keeps on training, and aye perseveres,
And at last runs away, this fool slave.
But I have a plan,
To see if I can
Keep away all misfortune from me;





I'll counsel my hide
To keep floggings outside,
To be rain-tight, from whipcracks all free.

"As master as man" is a very good saw,
And we have bad servants galore;
To waste, to be whipped is their life's very law;
When called to their master, the servants say, "Aw,
Don't bother or make me feel sore.
I know what's your hurry, you're off for a feed,
For you are a gluttonous mule, yes indeed."
But I'm not a drone,
Of them all, I alone
Have come hither my master to get;
And to-morrow the slaves
Will be horsewhipped, poor knaves,
But I'll be rewarded, you bet.

*Enter Pinacium.*

*Pinacium.* Stop where you are and look around, I say.
*Ph.* Don't bother me I tell you; go away.
*Pi.* Why, see the haughty airs of the apish wight.
Stop where you are, you dirty parasite.
*Ph.* Am I a parasite?
*Pi.* Indeed you are;
To get a meal you run both near and far.
*Ph.* I like it, and it is not your affair.
*Pi.* Your master likes you; that is why you dare
To be so haughty.
*Ph.* I've a pain in the eyes.
*Pi.* How so?
*Ph.* Because you think yourself so wise
That you can make them smart.
*Pi.* Your silly joke,
Coined of the basest mettle, can't provoke
My laughter.
*Ph.* Anything you say or do
Cannot provoke my anger toward you.
My master knows me.

*Pi.* His pillow he ought to know.
*Ph.* In soberness you'd not insult me so.
Enough of this, you scoundrel; let us come
And fetch our master Callidamates home.
*Pi.* I'll beat upon the door. What ho, within!
Open the door, or else I'll wreck it all.
Hm! No one comes. They're worthless men indeed.
All the more reason why I should beware
Lest many big bad blows I'll have to bear.

*Enter Theopropides and Tranio.*

*Tr.* What think you of the bargain?
*Th.* Very fine,
And I am all delight.
*Tr.* Is't too expensive?
*Th.* I've never seen a building thrown away
At lesser cost than this.
*Tr.* And are you pleased?
*Th.* Please ask me not; I'm pleased with greatest pleasure.
*Tr.* Ho, and how's the ladies' suite, and portico?
*Th.* Most awfully delightful, and the biggest
That I have ever seen in this our city.
*Tr.* Philolaches and I have measured all.
*Th.* What then?
*Tr.* This is the largest one by far.
*Th.* Ye gods immortal, what a splendid bargain!
Not if he offer six big talents now
Will I accept them.
*Tr.* Nay, if I perceive
That you desire to take them, I'll not let you.
*Th.* My son has made a very good investment.
*Tr.* 'Twas I, my master, who persuaded him
To borrow forty minae from the banker
Which he might give as earnest for the house.
*Th.* You've saved our ship. He owes him eighty minae?
*Tr.* Yes, eighty minae, not another sou.
*Th.* I'll pay it back to-day.
*Tr.* Do so at once,





That he may have no reason to demur;
Or else give me it, and I'll pay it to him.
*Th.* I will not let you trick me, Tranio.
*Tr.* Upon my word indeed, by deed or word
Have ever I in foolery even fooled you?
*Th.* I wisely watched against you all the time.
*Tr.* Since I am yours, I've never cheated you.
*Th.* Thanks to the gods and my own judgment rare,
I think that in a sense I show good sense
If you alone I guard against.
*Tr.* You do.
*Th.* Go to the country now and tell my son
That I have come.
*Tr.* I'll do as you command me.
*Th.* Tell him to come with you at fullest speed.
*Tr.* I will. [*Aside*] Through the back door I'll enter now
And get my boon companions off in safety. [*Exit Tranio.*
*Ph.* I hear no sound of roisterous revelling,
Nor the performing flute-girl's song hear I.
*Th.* What would the servants here before my door?
And why look they within?
*Ph.* I'll knock again.
Ho, Tranio!
*Th.* What comedy is this?
*Ph.* Come, open the door; we've come to fetch our master.
*Th.* Hallo, you boys; why do you break the door?
*Pi.* Hallo, old man; why don't you mind your business?
*Th.* It is my business.
*Pi.* You are not the prefect,
Whose business 'tis to mind his neighbor's business.
*Th.* Boy, this is not the house you're looking for.
*Pi.* What's that? Philolaches has never sold it.
You're only making sport of us, old fellow.
*Th.* This is the truth. But what's your business here?
*Ph.* My master is carousing there within.
*Th.* Your master is carousing there?
*Ph.* He is.
*Th.* Boy, you are quite a wag.

*Pi.* We've come to fetch him.
*Th.* Fetch whom?
*Pi.* Our master. Pray, how many times
Must I repeat it?
*Th.* [*To Ph.*] Boy, I'll speak to you,
For you're an honest lad. No one lives here.
*Ph.* Sir, does not young Philolaches live here?
*Th.* He did live here, but he has long since moved.
*Ph.* [*Aside*] The man's crack-brained. [*To Th.*] You're much mistaken, sir.
Unless he moved to-day or yesterday,
He lives here yet.
*Th.* None lives here these six months.
*Pi.* You're dreaming.
*Th.* I?
*Pi.* Yes.
*Th.* You're impertinent.
I'll speak to t'other. No one lives here, boy.
*Ph.* Oh, yes they do; for on the day before,
And on the day before the day before
And ever since the day his father left
They've not stopped drinking three days at a time.
*Th.* What say you?
*Ph.* Scarce a single day has passed
But he has wined and dined and played the Greek.
*Th.* What man is that?
*Ph.* 'Tis young Philolaches.
*Th.* Pray, which Philolaches?
*Ph.* The man whose father
Is gone abroad, as I believe.
*Th.* I'm ruined
If this be true; but I will ask him more.
My lad, you say that this Philolaches,
Whoever he may be, drinks with your master?
*Ph.* He does.
*Th.* My lad, you are more foolish far
Than you appear. You must have drunk too freely
At lunch.





*Ph.* Why so?
*Th.* You do mistake your place.
*Ph.* I know my place, and this place, too, I know.
Here dwells Philolaches, who is the son
Of old Theopropides; he freed the flute-girl
At the departure of his father.
*Th.* Who?
*Ph.* Philolaches freed Philematium.
*Th.* What did he pay for her?
*Ph.* Thirty —
*Th.* Talents?
*Ph.* Mais non, not talents, sir, but minae.
*Th.* He freed her?
*Ph.* Yes, he freed her thoroughly.
*Th.* For thirty minae did he buy the flute-girl?
*Ph.* Why, yes.
*Th.* And freed his mistress then?
*Ph.* Why, yes.
*Th.* And from the moment that his father left
He never stopped carousing with your master?
*Ph.* Why, yes.
*Th.* And then he bought the house?
*Ph.* Why, no.
*Th.* And gave him as an earnest eighty minae?
*Ph.* Why, no, as far as I know.
*Th.* You are my ruin.
*Ph.* Nay, he has been the ruin of his father.
*Th.* Your prophecy's most true.
*Ph.* I would 'twere false.
You are his father's friend, it seems.
*Th.* You name
A man most poor indeed.
*Ph.* Those thirty minae
Are nothing when compared with the great sums
That he did waste as feast-expenditures.
*Th.* His father's lost.
*Ph.* Aye, and his scurvy slave
Can squander even the wealth of Hercules.

His father I most pitifully pity;
His blesséd little heart will be consumed.
*Th.* If this be true.
*Ph.* What profit I by lying?
*Pi.* Open the door.
*Ph.* In vain you knock upon it;
They must have left the house to revel elsewhere.
Let us depart.
*Th.* My boy —
*Ph.* And look for them.
*Th.* Are you departing?
*Ph.* Freedom like a cloak
Can cover and protect you, sir; but I,
Unless I care most zealously for master,
A cover lose which I can ne'er recover.
[*Exeunt Ph. and Pi.*

*Enter Simo.*

*Th.* Ah me, I'm ruined! for, from what I hear,
Not only have I sailed to Egypt's land,
But o'er remotest deserts have I wandered,
And now I know not where I am; yet soon
I'll know, for here's the man who sold the house.
What do you now?
*Si.* I'm coming from the forum.
*Th.* What news is there upon the forum, sir?
*Si.* There's splendid news, new news; I've seen a corpse.
*Th.* Hm!
*Si.* Yes, a brand new corpse was carried out;
They said that he had newly been alive.
*Th.* A plague take you!
*Si.* Why ask you, idling thus,
For news?
*Th.* Because I have returned to-day.
*Si.* I'm dining out; you cannot dine with me.
*Th.* I don't expect it.
*Si.* But to-morrow, sir,
Unless there is another invitation,
I shall be glad if we two dine — at your house.





*Th.* We won't. But listen now if nothing else
Detains you.
*Si.* I am at your service, sir.
*Th.* You've taken forty minae from my son,
So far as I know.
*Si.* I have not received
A single sou from him, so far as I know.
*Th.* Nor from his Tranio?
*Si.* No more from him.
*Th.* Which he has given you as a pledge?
*Si.* You're dreaming.
*Th.* Nay, you, who hope that by dissimulation
You can undo it all.
*Si.* Undo what, pray?
*Th.* Whatever you've transacted in my absence.
*Si.* You say that I had dealings with your son
When you were absent? What dealings, pray, and when?
*Th.* I owe you eighty minae.
*Si.* No, not me;
But if you owe them, pay them back at once;
Come, keep your pledge; attempt not to deny it.
*Th.* I'll surely keep my pledge and pay you all.
But don't deny that he has paid you forty.
*Si.* Prithee, my friend, look here, and answer me.
*Th.* Nay, answer me. Have you not sold your house
To Philolaches?
*Si.* I've sold my house to no one.
*Th.* What reason then gave Tranio to you
When he desired to inspect the house?
*Si.* He said
That you would give Philolaches a wife,
Wherefore you wished to amplify your house.
*Th.* He said this?
*Si.* Yes.
*Th.* I'm speechless, worthy neighbor;
Ah me, beyond recovery I'm lost.
*Si.* Has Tranio, your slave, done anything?
*Th.* Nay, Tranio has undone everything;

He mocked me very shamefully to-day.
*Si.* What's this you say?
*Th.* I'm telling you the truth.
He tricked and mocked me most abominably.
And now, good sir, I crave your kindly aid.
*Si.* What would you?
*Th.* Come with me, I beg of you.
*Si.* I will.
*Th.* Lend me your servants and your lash.
*Si.* Take them.
*Th.* And meanwhile I'll relate to you
The knavish trumpery of Tranio.

[*End of Act IV.*]

## ACT V

*Tranio* A man's good for naught if he fears in a crisis,
But "fear" is a word that I know not at all;
For I was obliged to use clever devices
When master despatched me his son here to call.
I went in through the lane at this moment so critical,
I secretly opened the door at the back;
I gathered together the council political,
And marched them all off from their siege in a pack.
Yet after I led male and female victorious
Their counsellor off from their council they sent;
And therefore I'll do what is very notorious
In every such doubtful, uncertain event.
I'll so this entangle,
And mangle,
And mix it and maul it,
You'll call it
So incontrovertibly, incomprehensibly twisted,
'Twill dangle
In an inextricable tangle





And come to
No settlement.
Since this can now no longer be concealed,
Without delay I will accost my master.
But who is leaving Simo's house? 'Tis he.

*Enter Theopropides.*

*Th.* [*Speaking into the house*] Stand there within the door, and when I call,
Jump quickly forth and handcuff Tranio.
I will await him who has tricked and skinned me,
And with the whip his knavish skin I'll trick.
*Tr.* [*Aside*] All is discovered. You had better see
What you had better do, O Tranio.
*Th.* [*Aside*] With cunning bait I'll try to angle him
When he arrives; I will not show the hook
At once, but bit by bit I'll send the line.
*Tr.* [*Aside*] I will pretend that I know nothing yet.
Oh, he's the slyest man in Attica,
For stones as easily are fooled as he.
I will approach him.
*Th.* I would that he were here.
*Tr.* If you desire to see your slave at present,
Your slave is present in your presence, sir.
*Th.* Good! Well?
*Tr.* They're coming from the country.
Philolaches will soon be here.
*Th.* He comes
Betimes; I think our neighbor is a knave,
For he denies that he had dealings with you.
*Tr.* He does?
*Th.* And that you paid him e'en a sou.
*Tr.* Come, now, you're joking; for he can't deny it.
*Th.* How now?
*Tr.* I know 'tis spoke in jest, my master,
For surely he does not deny it.
*Th.* He does;
And says that he has never sold the house.

*Tr.* Did he deny that we have paid him money?
*Th.* Nay, more, he promises to give an oath
That he took naught from you nor sold the house.
Moreover, he agrees to give his slaves
For cross-examination.
*Tr.* Nonsense, sir.
He'll never do't.
*Th.* He will; wait but a moment,
And I will put it to the test.
*Tr.* All right;
Give me the man.
*Th.* I'll fetch him, if you will.
*Tr.* Either examine them at once, or else
Demand of him to give the house to us.
*Th.* Nay, first I'd rather question all his servants.
*Tr.* 'Tis well to do so. To the altar I.
*Th.* Why so?
*Tr.* You do not understand at all —
'Tis to prevent the slaves from fleeing thither.
Upon the altar I'll preside for you
That the investigation may not fail.
*Th.* Arise.
*Tr.* I won't.
*Th.* Don't sit upon the altar.
*Tr.* Wherefore?
*Th.* Because I most desire the slaves
To flee to it for refuge; for, knowing then
That they speak false, their master I'll condemn.
*Tr.* Stick to your purpose. I will stick to this.
Why sow the seeds of trouble further, master?
You know how ticklish 'tis to go to court.
*Th.* Arise, for I desire to ask you something.
*Tr.* I'll answer hence; I'm wiser sitting down.
Best counsel is dispensed from seats divine.
*Th.* Arise and stop this trifling; look at me.
*Tr.* I do.
*Th.* What see you?





*Tr.* That if any third
Should come to us, he'd surely die of hunger.
*Th.* Why so?
*Tr.* He would not have a thing to live on,
For we are both most wily.
*Th.* I'm undone.
*Tr.* What is the matter?
*Th.* You have cheated me
And led me by the nose.
*Tr.* How can this be?
Have you a running nose?
*Th.* Nay, running brains,
You've made my senses run away from me.
But now I know your tricks and trumpery
Right through and through with a thoroughness most thorough.
Hence with a heap of fagots I'll surround you.
*Tr.* Don't roast me, pray, for I am sweeter boiled.
*Th.* I'll make you an example.
*Tr.* Will you do't
Because I please you?
*Th.* Say, what sort of son
Left I with you when I departed hence?
*Tr.* A man with feet, hands, fingers, ears, and eyes.
*Th.* I ask you something else.
*Tr.* Hence something else
I answer. See, your son's companion comes;
Young Callidamates. In his presence, pray,
Do whatsoe'er you will with me to-day.
*Enter Callidamates.*
*Cal.* When I had murdered all my drowsiness
And buried it in sleep, Philolaches
Informed me that his father had arrived,
And how his slave made sport of his old master;
And told me that he dared not meet his sire.
I am to be his sole solicitor
To plead his cause and his pardon to procure.
Good, here he is. All hail, Theopropides!

It does rejoice me much to see you safe.
Have dinner at my house to-day, pray do.
*Th.* God bless you; for your invitation, thanks.
*Cal.* Will you not come?
*Tr.* Accept the invitation;
If you don't care to go, I'll take your place.
*Th.* Dare you to mock me still?
*Tr.* Why, no, I mean it.
*Th.* You shall not go; I'll have you nailed to the cross,
As you've deserved.
*Cal.* Enough; to dinner then —
*Tr.* Please say that you will come. Why speak you not?
*Cal.* Why take you refuge here upon the altar?
*Tr.* My master, coming hither, put his slave
Upon the wrack. Bring forth your charge against me,
And he will judge my guilt or innocence.
*Th.* My son you've ruined.
*Tr.* I confess it, sir;
He sinned, he freed his mistress in your absence,
He borrowed money from the usurer
At an enormous rate of interest,
And spent it at an interesting rate; —
All this do I confess; and yet he did
But what all wealthy youths are wont to do.
*Th.* Your clever pleading warns me to beware.
*Cal.* I'll judge; arise, and let me take this seat.
*Th.* 'Tis well for you to arbitrate between us.
*Tr.* This is some snare. Free me from fear, I pray you,
That you may take upon yourself — this fear.
*Th.* 'Tis naught compared with how the slave has tricked me.
*Tr.* It was well done, and I rejoice thereat.
Gray hairs should ever crown a prudent head.
*Th.* What shall I do now?
*Tr.* If you are a friend
To Barrie or to G. B. Shaw, tell them
How knavishly your slave bamboozled you;
'Twill make a splendid plot for comedy.
*Cal.* Come, hold your peace, and I will speak.





*Th.* 'Tis well.
*Cal.* Your son and I, you know, are closest friends,
He bade me plead his cause, since his disgrace
Restrains him from approaching you in person;
For he does know that you know what he did.
And now I beg you, bear with this his folly;
He is your son, and you are well aware
That youths are pleased to play this pleasant game;
We all have erred together, ours the fault.
The interest and principal and all
Wherewith we bought the mistress of your son
Ourselves will pay at our, not your, expense.
*Th.* You are a most persuasive orator.
I bear no grudge, nor censure him in aught.
Nay, in my presence dine and wine and wench;
For his own shame is punishment enough.
*Cal.* Most shameful is his shame.
*Tr.* Now, since you pardon
Philolaches, what will become of me?
*Th.* I'll hang you up; and when you're in suspense
I'll whip you.
*Tr.* But I repent.
*Th.* Nay, as I live
I'll kill you.
*Cal.* Prithee, pardon all of us;
For my sake, be indulgent to your slave.
*Th.* All else that you desire of me I'll do
Sooner than leave this reprobate unreproved.
*Cal.* A truce to this.
*Th.* Behold him how he sits.
*Cal.* Be prudent and sit still.
*Th.* Your pleading cease;
I'll whip the slave into tranquillity.
*Tr.* No blows will calm me, sir.
*Cal.* Forgive him, pray.
*Th.* Do not demand it.
*Cal.* I beseech you, sir.
*Th.* I tell you, do not ask me.

*Cal.* I beg of you.
Make this our common failing one, good sir.
*Tr.* Wherefore this trouble? for upon the morrow
I will commit another fault, and then
You'll punish me for this as well as that.
*Cal.* Pray, be indulgent.
*Th.* Leave the altar, then;
Thank him, not me, for your deliverance.

Dear spectators, young and old,
This our comic tale is told.
Your approval now to show
First applaud, then you may go.

[*The end.*]